

<https://hapakitsune.dreamwidth.org/297058.html>

Basically, I had this really urgent desire to write about Gerard's high school reunion.

**just like it was by hapakitsune**

Frank/Gerard, PG-13

The letter comes the day after they return from tour. Gerard opens it while he's making coffee, Frank's chin hooked over his shoulder and arms around his waist.

"What is it?" Frank asks sleepily, pressing his face into Gerard's neck.

"High school reunion," Gerard says dismissively, folding the letter back up and shoving into the envelope. "Nothing important."

"Nothing important!" Frank grabs the letter from Gerard. "Gee, this is your fifteen year reunion!"

"So?" Gerard shifts to lean against the counter, watching Frank read the letter. "What's so great about that?"

"Gee, think about everything you've accomplished since then." Frank looks up, eyes shining. "You created a giant band, you wrote a comic book, you had *three* ridiculously well-welling albums, and you have an absolutely gorgeous boyfriend to show off."

"Dude," Gerard says. "Frankie. You realize that these are the people that made me *afraid* to come out?"

"Since when do you care what people think?" demands Frank. "If they don't like it, they can suck it."

Gerard laughs and scrubs a hand over his face. "Yeah. Right."

Frank frowns, and gnaws on his lip distractingly. Then his lips turn up in a devious smile and he sidles up to Gerard, purring, "I'll make it worth your while." He trails a hand up Gerard's chest. Even after two years, Gerard's breath catches and he grabs Frank's hand.

"Not fair," Gerard mutters, and he leans down to press his forehead to Frank's. "You really want this?"

"Yes," Frank says firmly.

"Then I'll do it," Gerard tells him, and he presses their lips together.

Gerard tugs at his shirt and frowns at Frank. "This is a bad idea."

"This is a *great* idea," Frank insists. "Come on. It won't be horrible. I promise."

"How can you promise that?" grumbles Gerard, fumbling in his pockets for a cigarette. "You can't control them."

"Dude. You're a rock star." Frank grabs Gerard's hands. "Chill out. Don't go near the alcohol -"

"Psh."

"- stay calm and stay with me." Frank brushes nonexistent lint off of Gerard's shoulders. "We'll be great."

Gerard heaves a giant sigh and then nods. "Let's do this." He grabs Frank's hand and pushes open the door to the ballroom of the hotel.

"Gerard Way!" says the guy. Gerard has *no* idea who he is. "Rich Herrera! I was in your senior English class!"

"Right! Rich!" Gerard still has no idea who he is. "Good to see you again!"

"You too! Hey, my daughter loves your band. Do you think I could get an autograph?"

Gerard glances at Frank and then says, "Sure, okay."

"See?" Frank says, flopping down on the hotel bed. "That wasn't so bad."

"You owe me," Gerard says petulantly. "I had to sign like *five hundred* autographs."

"Such a liar," Frank groans, grinning up at him. "You only at to sign like *four hundred* ."

"Apparently you don't want any more blow jobs? Fine with me, I've sucked enough cock for a life-" Frank pounces. Gerard opens his mouth to Frank's, and clutches him closer. "Mm."

When they pull apart to breathe, Frank says firmly, "Bed."

"Bed," Gerard agrees.